Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these base bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marcus I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull Countrie done the like.
Puer. And Vnkle so will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall my boy
Shall carrie from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come, thoult doe my message wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsier.
Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and I le goe braue it at the Court,
I marrie will we sir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Marcus. O heauens, can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
Than foe-mens marks vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for olde *Andronicus.* *Exit.*

Enter Aron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one doore, and at the other doore young* Lucius, *and another with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

Chiron Demetrius, her's the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.
Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your Honours from *Andronicus*;
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Demetrius. Gramarcie Louelie *Lucius*, whats the news.
Puer. That you are both discipherd, thats the newes,
For

For villaines markt with rape. May it pleas
My Grandsier well aduisde hath sent by m
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratefie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bid me say:
And so I doe, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: Like bloudie v
Demetri. what's here? a scrole, and writte
Let's see,
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget mauri
Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace* I know i
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore. I iust, a verse in *Horace*, right you
Now what a thing it is to be an Asse,
Her's no sound iest, the olde man hath fo
And sends them weapons wrapt about wit
That wound beyond their feeling to the qu
But were our wittie Empresse well a foote,
Shee would applaud *Andronicus* conceit,
But let her rest in her vnrest a while.
And now young Lords, wast not a happie s
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more than so
Captiues, to be aduaunced to this height:
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the *Tribune* in his brothers heari
Demetrius. But me more good to see so g
Baselie insinuate and send vs gifts.
Aron. Had he not reason Lord *Demetri*
Did you not vse his daughter very friendlie
Demetrius. I would we had a thousand R
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.
Chiron. A charitable wish, and full of lo
Aron. Here lacks but your mother for t